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Choice Poetry.

IO TRIUMPHE.

BY RICHARD REALF.

Not ever, in all human time,
Did any man or nation
Plant foot upon the peaks sublime
Of Mount Transfiguration;
But first in long preceding hours
Of dread and solemn being,
Chained battle 'gainst Satanic powers,
Alone with the All-seeing.

God's glory lights no mortal brows
Which sorrow hath not wanted;
No wine hath He for lips of those
His lees who never tasted.
Nor ever, till in bloodiest stress
The heart is well approved,
Does the All-brooding Tenderness
Cry, "This is my beloved!"

O, land, through years of shrouded nights,
In triple blackness groping,
Toward the far prophetic lights
That beacon the world's hoping—
Behold! no title shalt thou miss
Of that transforming given,
To all who dragged through Hell's abyss,
Hold fast their grip on Heaven.

The Lord God's purpose throbs along
Our stormy turbulences;
He keeps the sap of nations strong,
By hidden recompenses.
The Lord God sows his righteous grain
In battle-blasted furrows,
And draws from present days of pain,
Large peace for calm to-morrows.

From strokes of unseen cimeters,
A million hearts are bleeding;
A cry runs tingling to the stars,
Of babes' and widows' pleading;
While at Hell's altars sacrificed—
God's martyred son forever—
Lies the clear life that crystalized
Our kingliest endeavor.

And yet beneath our brimming tears
Lies nobler cause for singing,
Than ever in the shining years,
When all our vales were ringing
With happy sounds of mellow peace;
And all our cities thundered
With lusty echoes, and our seas
By freighted keels were sundered.

For lo! the branding flails that drave
Our husks of fool self from us,
Show all the watching heavens we have
Immortal grain of promise.
And lo! the dreadful blasts that blow
In gusts of fire amid us,
Have scorched and winnowed from the true,
The falseness that undid us.

No floundering more, for mind or heart,
Among the lower levels;
No welcome more for moods that sort
With satyrs and with devils;
But over all our fruitful slopes,
On all our plains of beauty,
Fair temples for fair human hopes,
And altar thrones for duty.

Wherefore, O, ransomed people, shout!
O, banners, wave in glory!
O, bugles, blow the triumph out!
O, drums, strike up the story!
Clang, broken fetters, idle swords!
Clasp hands, O, States, together!
And let all praises be the Lord's,
Our Savior and our Father!

Select Tale.

THE YOUNG FORGER;
OR,
THE MOTHER OF QUANTRILLE.

The following startling sketch may throw some light upon, or in some way account for the disposition and revengeful spirit shown by the fiend who has been keeping our border in commotion. The writer says:

"My client was a most singular young man, and his case turned out to be more singular than himself.

"I had been admitted to the bar for about five months, and as yet, had not the least idea of when I should receive my first fee. I had long ceased to be anxious about it, and had settled down into that "who-the-deuce-care?" feeling which most of the lawyers have experienced at one portion or other of their legal existence. I could not well go out into highways and byways and ask some one to employ me; I had a horror of volunteering in a petty case; and I had no friend to hunt up and send me patrons. So I sat down very composedly; read Blackstone, Coke, and Hawkins, dipped into Shepard, and examined very carefully the title page of Fearne on "Contingent Remainders." When the ordinary office hours were over, I went to see some public place of amusement or other, to which I was admitted free, in quality of amateur editor of a little stupid daily, and enjoyed myself as best I could, in such modes as the profession would not consider *infra dig*.

"One sunny summer's morning I took it into my head I would fish; and getting ready my materials, I walked to the Missouri, took a boat at Lexington, and rowed me a mile up the river. Here I threw out 'killik,' and commenced capturing sun fish—a very lawyer-like proceeding. In fact, before I started, I put up a notice on my office door—'gone to attend to a case—back in ten minutes.'

"I fished away most industriously, had a great many nibbles, a few bites, and one fish. Dinner time came, and as I felt hungry, I concluded to go on shore. So I did. Fastening my boat to the trunk of a tree which overhung the water, I took my way to a little tavern situated about four hundred feet from the river. Here I ordered dinner, and while it was getting ready, I lit a cigar, sat down on the porch, tilted my chair back, put my feet on the rail, and was soon lost in tobacco smoke and reverie.

"A common-place remark on the weather-side of me caused my head to turn. Near me stood a young man, or rather boy, for though his voice was full and round, and his figure well knit, the down on his delicate cheek showed him to be under the age of puberty. I replied to his remarks, a conversation ensued, which ended in an agreement to take our refreshment at the same table.

"While we were eating our meal, our conversation became special, and our subject—woman. I found that my friend was a misioganist; but as the dislike to women is frequently affected among those just budding into manhood, I paid no attention to what I considered a customary folly. But at length the extreme virulence of the attacks upon the sex, rather roused my indignation, and I said sharply:

"You never had a mother, probably, or you would not talk in this way."

"Yes," answered he, sharply—"I had a mother, and that is precisely why I talk so."

"I stared at him in some surprise; but as there was evidently some secret at the bottom of this, I concluded to wait until he would impart it involuntarily, or otherwise say nothing. He dropped the subject, however, and we began to talk of other matters. I let him know my profession, somehow, but did not tell him I had no practice—such a piece of knowledge being for my own particular and private ear. We exchanged cards—he went his way, and I went mine. I had enough of fishing, and I rowed down the river, walked home, dawdled about the office awhile, went to my chamber, and from thence I forget where.

About two weeks afterward, the city was thrown into a commotion by the announcement of a successessful forgery upon one of the banks, to the amount of over fifty thousand dollars, in the name of a well-known merchant, who had a young wife and child, and was universally respected.

The next day, a young man was arrested on suspicion of being concerned in the forgery; and while I was reading the particulars of his arrest, I received the following note:

ARCH ST. PRISON, Aug 9, 18—.

DEAR SIR:—Pray call and see me on professional business. Any hour which suits you will suit me, as you will be sure to find me in.

Your obedient servant,
CHARLES MANN.

To —— ——, Esq.

Charles Mann! Why, that was the name upon the card given me by the stranger. I lost no time in obeying the summons.

When I arrived at the prison, I found my young acquaintence in one of the rooms, with two or three others, who were waiting a trial on various charges. He motioned me to be seated, laid down a book which he had been reading, and telling me that I was the only lawyer he knew anything about, he had sent for me to act as his counsel. He concluded what I thought was one of the most delightful speeches ever heard by mortal man, by handing me a hundred dollar bill, adding: "If I am acquitted, Mr. ——, there are five more ready for you."

I must confess that I can give no idea of the state of my feelings, upon this stroke of good fortune. If the reader can conceive the sensations in the mind of Columbus when land was first reported in sight, he is competent to enter into my raptures—not otherwise. However, with as unconcernable an air as I could muster, I sat down, for I did not comprehend a syllable.

My mind was speculating upon that piece of bank paper, and the five fellows to it, who were no doubt anxious to nestle alongside of their brother, in my hitherto useless wallet. I left the prison, clearing the outer flight of steps in two bounds, and going to my office, locked the door, and danced until I was exhausted.

"The most violent transports," some wiseacre remarked, "must have an end;" and the wisdom of the saying was proved in my case. I soon got over my excitement, and prepared for business.

Certainly, very few lawyers took half so much pains with their maiden case as I did with mine. I thought of it day and night—dreamed on it—made imaginary speeches to imaginary juries—ran to the prison to consult my client, and returning to my office, stood my big chair in the corner, and declaimed to it for an hour at a stretch.

The day of trial came at length, and I prepared for a grand effort. But unfortunately, the commonwealth utterly failed to identify the prisoner; no case could be made out, and the Attorney General, envious, no doubt, of the great forensic display which I would have made, dropped the matter. There was no speaking—the Court directed the Jury to find a verdict for the defendant, and my client was at once acquitted.

It is true that he paid me the five hundred dollars; but I considered that he, with the Court, Jury, and Attorney General, had defrauded me out of my great effort. I looked upon them as nothing more than a set of conspirators; and when young Mann left my office, I heartily wished the next person he visited might be the patron saint of the legal profession—the pious St. Sathanas.

Over fifteen years after these occurences, while I was engaged in practicing my profession, I was attacked by a disease which prostrated me exceedingly. My physician recommending travel, as an aid to convalescence, and having some business which I desired to complete, and by way of getting a good look at the country around, I concluded to travel from St. Louis to Kansas City, by land. I accordingly provided myself with a horse, rifle, pistols and portmanteau, and set out upon my journey.

On the evening of the fourth day after I left St. Louis, I came to a small creek, along which I observed a path, well beaten by horses' feet. Concluding that this would lead me to shelter for the night, I turned my horse's head and trotted hastily in this new path. I pursued it for about four or five miles, when it suddenly came to a stop. It had now become dark, and I could find nothing around and before me, but a tangled mass of undergrowth. Not knowing which way to turn, and unable for the darkness to retrace my steps, I had almost resigned myself to the idea of camping out, when I heard a rustling noise among the bushes, followed by the question, delivered in a deep, ringing and military tone:

"Who goes there?"

I was startled at the sound, but recovering myself, answered, "a friend!"

"To whom?" asked the same voice.

"To anybody and everybody," I replied, "who will put me on the right ground, for I believe I am lost."

I heard a laugh, which was echoed, or accompanied by others; and the next moment a tall figure, imperfectly discerned in the darkness, stepped from the bushes, and said—

"This way, stranger."

He took hold of my bridle rein as he spoke, and leading my horse directly forward, the bushes opened, scratching me a little as I passed through them; and the next moment found us both in an open space.

Here my conductor turned to me, and said:

"You must be blindfolded, old chap."

I felt somewhat alarmed, but as there was no help for it, I merely answered:

"It is so dark that such a precaution is not necessary, if you wish to conceal the mode of entrance; but I have no objection."

He answered by tying a handkerchief over my eyes, and then I felt my horse was being led up a narrow path, where my legs were bruised by briars occasionally, and sometimes by rocks. Sometimes we went up hill, and sometimes down hill, and once or twice I was told to stoop. I felt pretty evident that I was merely going through a mock round in order to mislead me; but convinced that my life depended on my apparent ignorance of the deception, I acquiesced in the cheat.

After a round of about half an hour, I was told to dismount. I obeyed, was led into an apartment, and my bandage removed.

I glanced around, as soon as I had recovered from the effect of the flood of light. I was in the sole apartment of a large log house. Around me were some thirty or forty ill looking ruffians, each armed to the teeth. In front of me was seated a slender, even a spare man, with a beardless but withered face. The expression he wore was one of dissatisfaction.

"This is not the one, boys," he exclaimed. "Hark!"

A low whistle sounded without. He started up.

"It is he, now, probably. As for this fellow, you may knock his brains out when you like."

I sprang to the wall, and using it as a defence for my back, aimed my rifle at the speaker's head, determined to sell my life at some little cost, when the chief—for such he appeared to be—changed countenance. It was not fear, but rather an expression of curiosity.

"Is not your name —— ?" asked he.

"It is," I answered, still keeping my rifle pointed.

"You may drop your rifle," said he, laughing. "You are in no danger here. Don't you remember Charles Mann?"

I had forgotten the circumstance, and looked upon it as a lure to throw me off my guard.

"Come," continued he, "no nonsense. You were my counsel some fifteen years since, when I was charged with forgery. You remember, now. Don't you see there is no danger?"

"Well," replied I, dropping my rifle, "I don't believe I am. I have no money about me; and I don't think you're all so silly as to kill a stranger for amusement. So, with your permission, I'll seat myself, and if you have anything to eat or drink, I'd thank you for a share. I have not had supper yet."

The men laughed at my bravado, as I took a seat next the chief, and the next moment the low whistle was repeated rather impatiently.

"Bring him in," said the chief.

At the word, two of the gang entered with a man, about middle age, blindfolded. The bandage was removed from his eyes, and he glared around wildly.

"What do you want now?" exclaimed he.

He was answered with a shout of savage laughter, over which the shrill and rather musical laugh of the chief predominated.

The stranger stood perfectly still. He was bewildered. The chief stepped forward and confronted him. I waited in intense anxiety the progress of this extraordinary scene. An awful pause ensued, which was broken by the voice of Mann:

"Frederick Quantrille!" exclaimed he, "do you remember Charlotte Manly?"

The stranger started, changed color, but did not reply in words.

"You have cause to remember her—she had bitter cause to remember you. You ruined and left her. For over fifteen years she has waited for this hour. Do you remember the forgery, by which fifty thousand dollars was lost? You could not prove it a forgery! Your houses were all fired in a single night. This was the work of an incendiary. You are now to die—die miserably. No earthly power can, and Heaven disdains, to aid you. The forger, the incendiary, will be your judge, and the executioner will be Charlotte Manly—and I am she!"

It was evident that the ruffians around were not prepared for this revelation, any more than myself, for they started in amazement. I turned to look at the doomed man; he was pale and ashy; his knees trembled, and a rope was around his neck, the other end of which had been passed over the rafters. The woman—for such she evidently was—continued:

"For years have I waited for this; I have herded with these men, unsexed myself by familiarity with scenes at which I would at one time have shuddered—have lost all pity.

"You shall die by moments at a time, and your unburied carcass shall bleach upon the hills.

"See your own features in that boy, and remember the night you brought me to shame, by seducing my trusting heart with honeyed words. He is like the father, too, in disposition, in always taking advantage of those who confide in him. And yet, on the borders of Kansas and Missouri, before the question of Squatter Sovereignty is settled, will the name of Quantrille be cursed, for he shall be the Scourge of the Border, and shall bear your name, and not mine."

In one corner sat or crouched a boy with long tangled hair, in whose eyes glowed demoniac fires.

A signal from Charlotte followed:

The doomed man, stupefied by despair, made no plea for mercy, and the rope was tightened. Instead of hauling him up entirely, they merely tightened the rope, so that it was only by standing on tiptoe, that he could save himself from strangulation. There he was, evidently to remain till he died. I shuddered as I contemplated the horrid end which awaited him; and the next moment found myself borne by the crowd from the hut.

I was taken to a small house, and offered supper, but I could not eat. A bed was assigned me. I went to it, and tossed there for hours. About midnight, I was aroused from a half doze by a piercing shriek, ended in a smothered yell. I listened, but all had subsided. I slept none, that terribly long night.

In the morning, my arms and property were given me. I was mounted on my horse, blindfolded, led through a long round again, and at length the bandage taken off. I looked around—my guide was gone—and I saw I was in the main road.

The circumstance has haunted my memory ever since, and, of course, when I met that young desperado, a short time since, I was not long in recognizing the features of his parents.

A Hefty Conundrum.

The following hefty conundrum is from probably the same man who inquired why Julius Caesar was like a pump handle? and who said he "hadn't made the answer yet:"

Why is a man in a mammoth balloon at Central Park, with a wicker full of Johnson's last pardons supported on his right arm, and a keg of lager beer on the other, havin had nothing to eat for several days, nor the wherewithal to purchase the same, and in full view of Grace Church steeple in the foreground, and the Croton aqueduct in the rear, in the presence of a big crowd of spectators, including the English capitalists and Sir Morton Peto, the Tunisian visitors, Horace Greeley, Henery Ward Beecher and Ben. Wood, like a boarding school miss wearing a jockey hat and partridge feather, with a two-pound waterfall, loaded with gun-cotton and punkins, mounted on an Amoskeag steam engine, making its way to the race between the Winooski and Algonquin, her mother at the same time not knowing that she was out, and unmindful of the many pitfalls that surround Barnum's old Museum lot and other localities of a similar character, to say nothing of the withering rebuke administered to Earl Russell by Minister Adams previous to an outbreak by the Fenians shortly to come off, for the performance of which bounds have been given, and also to ascertain previous to the election whether Geus. Slocum or Barlow stole the cotton, and whether some of that same cotton is not the identical cotton with which the young lady referred to is loaded? Why is all that like all this?

AMUSING AFFAIR.—The following amusing incident occurred at our neighboring city of Tiffin not long since. A minister was preaching on the Sabbath, in one of the churches on the "judgment," having taken his text from the latter part of the 25th chapter of Matthew, viz: the separation of the sheep from the goats. In an eloquent manner he arrayed the sheep on the right hand of the Great Shepherd, and had reached that point in the separation where the goats are gathered on the left hand, when a large goat entered the church, walked up the aisle to the left of the preacher, and there baited and gazed steadily at the minister, greatly to the surprise and amusement of all present.—*Toledo (Ohio) Blade.*

Miscellaneous.

"THE CONQUERED BANNER."

[The following poem from the Atlanta Intelligencer, is wickedly rebel, but it is a fine specimen of vigorous verse:]

Furl that Banner! for 'tis weary;
'Round its staff 'tis drooping dreary;
Furl it, fold it, it is best;
For there's not a man to wave it,
And there's not a sword to save it,
And there not one left to love it
In the blood which heroes gave it;
And its foes now scorn and brave it;
Furl it, hide it, let it rest.

Take the Banner down! 'tis tattered;
Broken is its staff, and shattered;
And the valiant hosts are scattered,
Over whom it floated high.
Oh! 'tis hard for us to fold it;
Hard to think there's none to hold it;
Hard that those who once unrolled it,
Now must furl it with a sigh.

Furl that Banner! furl it sadly:
Once ten thousands hailed it gladly,
And ten thousands wildly, madly,
Swore it should forever wave—
Swore that foeman's sword could never
Hearts like theirs entwined dissever,
Till that flag would float forever
O'er their freedom or their grave.

Furl it! for the hands that grasped it,
And the hearts that fondly clasped it,
Cold and dead are lying now;
And that Banner, it is trailing,
While around it sounds the wailing
Of its people, in their woe;
For though conquered, they adore it;
Love the cold, dead hands that bore it;
Weep for those that fell before it,
Pardon those who trailed and tore it;
And, oh! wildly they deplore it,
Now to furl and fold it so.

Furl that Banner! true 'tis gory,
Yet 'tis wreathed around with glory,
And 't will live in song and story,
Though its folds are in the dust;
For its fame, on brightest pages,
Penned by poets and by sages,
Shall go sounding down through ages—
Furl its folds though now we must.

Furl that Banner! softly, slowly;
Treat it gently—it is holy—
For it droops above the dead;
Touch it not—unfold it never,
For it droops there, furled forever,
For its people's hopes are dead.

The Recent Wonderful Phenomena in Heaven and Earth.

Earthquakes, volcanoes, hurricanes and similar violent operations of nature are not uncommon in this uneasy hemisphere. The whole western slope of the continent is a region of "violence, fracture and fire." Two or three movements of the earth are felt every year on the Pacific side—now at St. Louis and again at San Francisco. And as a volcano is an almost necessary result of an earthquake of any consequence, we may say that we have also our two or three volcanic eruptions, either on the land or thousands of miles out under the sea. Four earthquakes were felt on the continet in 1864—ranging from the Mississippi to the Pacific, and from Canada to Panama. In the present year we have had already an even larger number. Hurricanes also are almost a feature of life in the tropical regions of America—progressive whirlwind storms of the most terrific power. Sometimes these invade the temperate zone also, and last year one made a swathe all across the northern section of the United States.

But recently a great number of these wonders of nature have occurred within a short period of each other—so short a period as naturally to suggest some relation of cause and effect. On the 6th of September there was a terrible hurricane at Guadaloupe, in the West Indies, and on the 22d an earthquake at Porto Rico. On the 23d of the same month Mt. Hood, in Oregon, began to discharge volcanic matter, and the internal disturbance thus indicated was also seen in a very considerable earthquake that on the 8th instant rocked the houses of San Francisco to and fro in a very free and easy manner. Several celestial wonders have also come in this same period. Some accident of a stupendous nature evidently occurred in the sun in September; perhaps a fiery crust caved in over an immense space, making visible nine thousand miles of a darker central substance. That is the magnitude of the darker part of a spot now visible on the luminary—the length of the whole spot darker and lighter together, being twenty-nine thousand miles. In the same eventful September a new planet was discovered in the Heavens; and only the other day we had that ever fresh wonder, an eclipse of the sun.

We do not assert the relationsip of these phenomena, but no man having full regard to the history of science will venture to deny that such relationship exists. We cannot see, perhaps, that a great wind storm in the West Indies has anything to do with the agitation of the molten masses beneath the crust of the earth on the Pacific shore of our continent; nor can we say how a volcanic demonstration of nature's gigantic chemical processes may be associated with shadows seen on the sun. But it is known that the disturbances in the sun directly influence the electrial conditions of the earth, and to the influence of those electrial disturbances no one can assign a limit. They cannot be without their influence on such a purely atmospheric phenomenon as the hurricane. Between the disturbed electrical conditions of the earth and the central fires there is also an evident connection. Tremblings of the earth—shocks, volcanoes—are always preceded by changed electrical conditions; and when considerable, this changed condition has even a remarkable influence upon animal life. And it should be remembered, in connection with all these phenomena, that only so long ago as when the attempt was made to lay the Atlantic cable, the earth was swept by a remarkable electric storm.

This period of remarkable phenomena comes just at the close of another sort of storm. It follows a great war, and with us, perhaps, precedes a pestilence. Perhaps it is one of the ancient errors of the human race that earthquakes and eclipses accompany pestilence and war. Wars certainly com oftener than eclipses or even comets, and earthquakes shake countries that are otherwise in the most positive peace. It may be convenient to assume this connection when we cannot explain war in any other way, and there is some use for such an assumption in our war. Reflecting that Southern men made it, it would seem almost as if their action must have been influenced by some incontrollable madness, as wide spread and general as the air. But in the case of pestilence, and especially such a pestilence as the cholera, science has made the connection obvious. Certain states of the atmosphere unquestionably favor the spread of that disease, and these states may possibly result from the same electrical conditions that associate the natural wonders with each other. Undoubtedly the physical life of a man is thus "subject to all the sky influences." Medical science can see very well that the influence of an eclipse, a comet or an electrical storm, if it changes the condition of the atmosphere will enable an epidemic to sweep off a whole section of the human race; and it acknowledges as true this ancient notion, so often denounced as a superstitious error. But now we denounce as superstitious error the other ancient notion, that the eclipse and kindred phenomena affect also our intellectual life. May not the next hundred years of science prove that also to be a truth? —*N. Y. Herald.*

Last Resting Place Selected for the Remains of Simon Kenton.

COLUMBUS, OHIO, Nov. 8th.

In May, 1864, the Legislature of Ohio passed an act, entitled an act to provide for the erection of a monument to the memory of [illegible] Simon Kenton, and appropriated the sum of one thousand dollars for the said purpose. R. W. Cheetham, of Logan County; Wm. A. Adams, of Hamilton County; Battel Harrison, of Fayette County; Anthony Cassad, of Logan County; and John A. Crowin, of Champaign, appointed commissioners by said act to remove from their place of interment in Logan County the remains of the late Simon Kenton, and to inter the same at such a place as may be determined on by and with the consent of the surviving relatives of said deceased, residing in Logan, Champaign and Clark counties, and to cause to be erected over the remains a suitable monument, with such inscriptions as may be by them determined on. In consequence of a failure on the part of the surviving relatives to agree as to the place for the final interment of the remains, and the three last named Commissioners having died, nothing was done in furtherance of the object of the said enactment. The Governor to day appointed Judge M. G. Mitchell, of Piqua; Hon. E. D. Mansfield, of Morrow; and Judge William Patrick, of Urbana, to fill said vacancies. The surviving relatives have recently determined in writing that Oak Dale Cemetery, near Urbana, shall be honored as the receptacle of all that is mortal of Simon Kenton, his remains will accordingly be there deposited. The town council of Urbana have set apart and dedicated Kenton square in said cemetery for that purpose. No more fitting place could have been selected. There, amied the graves of many of his relatives, and near a town in which a great portion of his active life was spent, and in one of the most lovely rural cemeteries in the State, let the old pioneer rest.—*Cor. Cincinnati Gazette.*

C. O. D.—The Green Bay Advocate thus explains, in answer to a correspondent, the meaning of these cabalistic characters:

"They are not the advertisement of a patent medicine, or anybody's bitters.—They are simply the result of an idle habit down East requiring us Western people to pay for such little goods as we may compliment them by ordering. The letters simply mean "Chell Out Darnquick." It is mortifying that so large a concern as the——Express Company, should spell so badly, and use such profanity; but, as we are not responsible for public education and morals, we can do no more than allude to it."

THOUGHT IT WAS A CONUNDRUM.—The last effusion of the renowned Artemus we have not yet seen in print. It is said that Artemus Ward, being at one of the New York churches recently, edified the audience by his unexpected reply to the preacher's text, which was as follows:

"How are the mighty fallen?" "How are the mighty fallen?" After a short pause, Artemus looked up inquiringly, and said meekly, "I give it up."

SINGULAR OBITUARY.—The Atlanta (Ga.) Messenger gives the following odd notice of a deceased citizen of that place: "He was the father of eleven sons, five of whome married five sisters. He had 199 grandchildren; and at his funeral, two horses were stung to death by bees, and another came near losing his life by the same."

What affectionate times these are! Everything is so "dear!"

For the Farmer.

The Corn Crop—Pork.

An exceedingly favorable Fall has given the West the most abundant crop ever known. The great question among farmers is what shall be done with it.—The days of the ten cent corn seem staring them in the face. With the present high prices of beef and pork the answer is easily given. So far as it is possible, turn it into meat. Do not let the high prices induce sending stock too early to market, but feed all the corn possible first. Good pork will always bring higher prices than half fattened, and there is little excuse for a second rate article this year. In our own opinion there is not a sufficient supply in the country to render very great the danger of a low late market. In ordinary times the most advantageous way to market grain in the West, is generally in the form of meat; it is much more so now, when the relative value of corn to beef and pork is taken into consideration, so that even if these commodities suffer a decline, there will be an advantage over paying the railroads so great a share of the crop in the form of freights, with the additional expenses of warehousing, commission, cartage, etc., etc.

We look upon the high rates of the opening pork market as evidence that packers are aware of the limited supply, and that they think that by starting high they can secure the bulk of the hog crop before any great advance is necessary.—Returns to the department of agriculture from every State show a decrease in the number of hogs, and a great many correspondents state that the hogs are smaller than last year, while almost all report the quality as better. Incomplete returns show that the number of hogs packed last season was about 100,000,000 head less than the year before, while all are aware that good prices caused all available to be sent to market, so that we shall look for a still greater falling off this year from the returns of year before last. The abundant corn crop cannot increase the number of hogs; though it may be the quality and amount of pork; but if as the department returns say, the hogs are smaller than usual, the real amount will not be changed. Willard & Co., publish in a recent circular, statements from seventy-five packing points in Ill., Iowa and Ind., in reply to the question as to the number of marketable hogs, some of which gave a larger number than last year; which at one point was reckoned at double that number, at another at 25 per cent, larger, and at another 20 per cent, larger. At the remaining seven points the statements was that it was in general larger and rather longer. Fourteen points returned about the same number. Fifty-two points returned a less number, stating in general terms as less. At two points it is stated at one-fifth less; at five points, one-half less. It may be remarked here that in the Iowa returns there are no statements of an increase. To the question as to the amount on hand of old stock of pork, lard and cut meats, 28 points return none; 2 points very little; one 3,000 pounds, and one plenty of bacon in the country. From Indiana, 23 points return none; two points very little; 1, stock light; another, very fair, and another 40,000 pounds, shoulders and sides. From Iowa, 11 places report none, and 4 very little. Returns were received from 28 points in Illinois, 33 in Indiana, and 14 in Iowa—in all 75.

The majority, though not a large one, of the number reported that farmers will market their hogs late. Sixty-five points out of 75 report no contracts not made; where contracts have been made, the prices very from $8 to $10 per hundred. We may be wrong in our advice to hold on to the hogs and to feed the corn to them, but give our reasons for the position; and leave the intelligent readers to judge for themselves. In the meantime we intend to watch affairs pretty closely, and give our observations from time to time.—*Prairie Farmer.*

DEPTH OF SOIL FOR GRAPES.—It will do well enough to work the soil for a foot or eighteen inches for grapes, where but a few crops are wanted; but for a continuance of many years and many crops, deep working is as necessary as the slight tillage for the few crops. The tendency of the roots is downward, and never back to the surface. If therefore the under soil is hard and raw, the vine must suffer in consequence. It is hence that we see the many failures of old vines. These failures we seldom meet with on alluvial or other pervious soils; but on the high clay sub-soils they are common. This clay is cold—just the reverse of what a grape soil should be.—There should be sufficient clay mixed with other matter, so that the fruit may get the benefit of the clay, and no more. The man, therefore, who plants a vine for perpetuity, must dig and trench; he must work—and his work must be according to the time he proposes for for his tree, for according to that time will be the extent of the roots; and as the extent of the roots is, so must be the culture of the soil.—*Rural World.*

Are people aware that the currant is the best medical fruit cultivated—at least among our common fruits? Refer to the books, and you will find it so. Refer to experience, and you will find it so. No one was ever hurt by eating currants, unless unripe; then all fruit should be discarded.